

THE
ORACLE.
A
COMEDY.

Translated from the FRENCH, first
Publish'd at PARIS, 1740.

Fungar Vice Cotis—

HOR.

Let wary Thought each Enterprize forerun,
And ponder o'er thy Task before begun;
Lest Folly should the wretched Work deface,
And mock thy fruitless Labours with Disgrace.
ROWE.

L O N D O N:

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Dramatis Personæ.

FAIRY QUEEN.

ALCINDOR, *the Fairy's Son.*

LUCINDA, } *a young Princess be-*
 } *lov'd of Alcindor.*

SCENE, *The Fairy's Palace.*



ERRATA.

Page. 5. Line 11. *after think, add of.*

15. ——— 17. *after this read a.*

26. ——— *read SCENE V.*

27. ——— *after you read.*



THE
ORACLE.
A
COMEDY.

SCENE I.
FAIRY, ALCINDOR.

FAIRY.

INDEED, Son, you are quite intolerable.

ALCINDOR.

But, Mother

B

FAIRY.

2 *The* O R A C L E.

FAIRY.

But! where do you *now* come from?

ALCINDOR.

From admiring the most beautiful of all
Nature's Works.

FAIRY.

Have you seen *Lucinda* then?

ALCINDOR.

Overcome by Heat of the Day, she laid
herself down to rest on a Bed of Roses . . .

FAIRY.

Has she seen you?

ALCINDOR.

Ah! Madam, I tell you that she was
asleep. One of her fine Arms was laid
under her Head; and the other stretch'd
out, on the Side I was on, seem'd to
catch at the Flowers which grew about
her: An agreeable Dream had affected
her, and painted her Cheeks with lively
and

The O R A C L E. 3

and mixed Colours : In this Rapture, my Heart thought that my Eyes were not sufficient to convey to it the Pleasures they tasted ; I was so transported as not to be Master of myself.

FAIRY.

O my Son !

ALCINDOR.

I took one of her fair Hands and kiss'd it with Vehemence but upon her moving, thinking that she wak'd, I speedily withdrew without her seeing me. Madam, it will be in vain for you to command me to defer any time my making myself known to her ; I could not obey you in this. I love and adore her ; I will see her and speak to her ; and make her love me, or I'll die at her Feet.

FAIRY.

I'm Mistress of a very powerful Art ;

B 2

I'm

4 *The* O R A C L E.

I'm Queen of the Fairies; I can in a Moment's time build Palaces, raise Tempests, and change an agreeable Place into a frightful Desert. But I see 'tis beyond my Power to govern a young Fool, who is distracted with Love. Well, Son, you are undone; you'll certainly loose *Lucinda*, and defeat the Measures I have taken to compleat your Happiness with her, by your own Imprudence.

ALCINDOR.

But pray, Madam, tell me what are the Reasons of your Unwillingness that I should see her?

FAIRY.

They are these: When you was born, I consulted the Oracle to know your Destiny: Its Answer was this;

“ The Son of the Queen of the Fairies
“ is threatned with great Unhappiness;
“ nefs;

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“ nefs; but he shall escape it and be
“ even happy, if he can make him-
“ self belov’d by a young Princess,
“ who shall believe that he is *deaf*,
“ *dumb*, and *senseless*.”

ALCINDOR.

Deaf, dumb, and senseless!

FAIRY.

Judge, Child, from the tender Regard
I have for you, how this Answer afflicted
me: Nevertheless, being forced to think
it, I hoped, by taking certain Measures,
to divert the Mischiefs that threatned
you, and to see the Accomplishment of
the Oracle, however impossible it might
appear.

ALCINDOR.

I have not, Madam, the same Opinion
of the humourfome Taste of the Ladies,
as you have; and I’ll never believe it.

FAIRY.

6 *The* O R A C L E.

FAIRY.

But lend an attentive Ear to what I shall tell you. At the Time of your Birth a young Princess was also born, who is the Daughter of a King of this Island, even your *Lucinda*. I took her away and brought her to this Palace; where no human Creature has been able to come to her. Here she has been brought up, attended by Statues, and seen nothing but senseless Figures, in which, by my Art, I have impress'd all Sorts of Motions. I have often in her Sight took a Chizel, and carv'd a Piece of Marble into a proper Shape, then putting Life into it by a Touch with my Rod, it soon became a little Dog, which bark'd after her, or an Ape, which diverted her with its Grimaces and Postures. And at last, I have endeavour'd to make her believe, that she and I are
the

The O R A C L E. 7

the two only Beings that speak, think, know, and reason; and that all others, form'd only to serve or amuse us, are absolutely without Sense or Knowledge, and equally incapable of Love or Hatred, of Pain or Pleasure.

ALCINDOR.

What has been, and what is now the End of all these false Prejudices, which you have train'd her up in, from her Infancy?

FAIRY.

To make her believe so, when I present you to her

ALCINDOR.

So then, I understand that I am only a *Doll* or *Puppet*; but organiz'd beyond the ordinary Manner. This Contrivance pleases me; it may very likely succeed. *Psyche* did not know what Love was; she believ'd

8 *The* O R A C L E.

liev'd it was a Monster; yet she lov'd. So *Lucinda*, her Imagination being seduc'd by your Deceit, will think that I am really what the Oracle requires that she believes me to be; that is, that I have a Mouth and Eyes only to make me agreeable, yet she'll love me. It will not be difficult to impose upon her: Her Heart will receive readily the Advice you gave her, without discovering the Cheat; and she'll follow it as naturally, as Bees gather the Perfume of Flowers. This Knowledge, this Chain, this sympathetick Force of Hearts will do Yes, Madam, she'll love me, and I shall be this very Day the happiest of Men. Let us go and see for her: You may present me to her; and, since the Interest of my Love requires it, count me a Statue, a mere Statue a senseless Piece of Marble.

FAIRY.

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FAIRY.

This is not a proper time for you to appear. I see *Lucinda* coming: withdraw quickly, and get behind this Cabinet. While we are talking together, I'll prepare things, and endeavour to bring them about to your Satisfaction.

ALCINDOR.

One Word. When she plays with her Dog, he kisses her; mayn't I do so too, if she should play with me?

FAIRY.

Good now! be gone. See there's a Marble Man. [*Making him go out.*] Go out then; I'll see to it, go out then.

C SCENE



S C E N E II.

FAIRY, LUCINDA.

LUCINDA enters, in a great Passion.

TIS no Delusion — 'tis not a
Dream; his Mouth touch'd my
Hand.

FAIRY.

What say you, *Lucinda*?

LUCINDA.

Alas! — I did not see you.

FAIRY.

Did he touch your Hand with his
Mouth? Who did so?

LUCINDA.

I don't know who it was. He fled
from me like Lightning; but I think,
that by kissing my Hand he has impress'd
such

The O R A C L E. II

such a Flame on my Heart from that Moment that disturbs it.—— Yes, from that Moment I'm not the same Person, but restless and thoughtful I seek —— what is it? I can't explain myself. I think I breath another Air. All Nature seems to me to be more pleasing and lively—— What Harmony, what Tenderness have I been just now admiring in two little Birds! They sat upon the same Bough, they sang to each other; they regarded each other, but in a manner peculiar to themselves, even with more Regard than you and I have for each other. They stop'd a few Moments, but soon began to sing again, or rather to answer themselves with a Vivacity, with an Ardour —— do you laugh at me?

FAIRY.

Doubtless I do. For to answer them-

12 *The* O R A C L E.

selves must imply, that they understand what they sing.

LUCINDA.

Indeed, I believe that they do understand themselves.

FAIRY.

What! Do you think that your Haut-boy, or Violin understand what you sing, that they answer you, and are affected by the soft Accents of your Voice, when they so exactly sound the Notes you sing.

LUCINDA.

A fine Comparison! These are Machines.

FAIRY.

Have I not told you a thousand times, that your Birds are mere Machines, tho' better organiz'd; because Nature always more industrious, always more knowing,
and

The O R A C L E. 13

and always superior to Art, even she herself has put their Springs in Order?

LUCINDA.

Though you should tell me so a thousand times more, I'll believe nothing of it. An internal Sensation, which seiz'd me at the sight of those Birds, opposes what you tell me; for, in fine, if I could have caught them, I would have strok'd and kiss'd them; I would have put them into my own Apartment, and carefully have supply'd all their Wants; when, indeed, I never thought to caress my Violin or Hautboy, nor car'd whether my Guitar was cold or hot.

FAIRY.

[*Aside.*] I must deceive her by some new Artifice. [*Loud.*] *Lucinda*, observe these Statues; examine them well; they are Marble, and you can't think that they
are

14 *The* O R A C L E.

are sensible ; nevertheless, I'll touch certain Springs, which shall make them perform the same Motions you admire in the Birds, and which make you believe that they are sensible and think.

[The Fairy touches three Statues with her Rod; the middle one begins to move in a surprising and wonderful Manner, and at length dances a Saraband, which the other two play'd, the one on the Violin, the other on the German-Flute : After the Saraband, the whole Choir join their Pipes to the Flute and Violin, and play a brisk Air; upon which the Statue grows more lively by degrees, and dances a Tambourin, with which it ends. During this Diversion, Lucinda casts down her Eyes and looks sad.]

What's the Matter with you, Lucinda?

What

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What Gloominess has on a sudden seiz'd
you? I think this little Diversion makes
you uneasy.

LUCINDA.

That it does; it can't but do so. It
confounds and destroys those Ideas which
I had delighted myself with.— Ah, sad!
my little Birds are you then but mere Ma-
chines? I imagin'd, that you were sen-
sible, and tasted an infinite Satisfaction in
finding yourselves together, in the Day-
time upon the same Branch, and in the
Night at the Bottom of some hollow
Tree.

To the FAIRY.

I had a Multitude of Reflexions upon
this Nature, said I, to encrease the Plea-
sures of these little Birds, inspires them
with a tender Regard for each other; sure
she'll not be less kind to me; there is,
without doubt, some Being of my own
Species,

16 *The* O R A C L E.

Species, with whom I am destin'd to live,
as these Birds live together.—— Tell me,
my good Guardian, for you know, who
it was that came and kissed my Hand
whilst I was asleep?

FAIRY.

I suppose —— that a young Man (for
I believe I saw the Marks of one) who
was rambling about this Palace this Morn-
ing, ran to you, who are one of his own
Species, and kiss'd you; but your Looks
when you awoke made him fly away.

LUCINDA.

A young Man! —— Are Men also
Machines?

FAIRY.

Yes; but more perfect and finish'd
then even your Ape, which you think
has so much Life. Their Colour is ge-
nerally white, they are of the Shape of
these Statues. Some time ago I had some
of

The O R A C L E. 17

of them ; but they are so faulty that I loath them.

LUCINDA.

Birds sing ; these Statues dance ; my Hautboy sounds ; and the Hand of my Clock points out the Hour to me ; and what do Men do ?

FAIRY.

There are different Sorts of them. Those we call Soldiers make the finest Appearance, they get together by thousands in an open Plain : These have long and sharp Weapons, and little Balls of Iron, which they fill with Fire, at last they run upon each other, and are killed and cut in Pieces.

LUCINDA.

This would be an horrible Prospect ! Oh ! these are Machines ; there is no Reason for such Havock : Yet I should like to see them, if I need not fear their Rage and Malice.

D

FAIRY.

18 *The* O R A C L E.

FAIRY.

You have nothing to fear from them;
We are Women; all things stoop to us:
Those Men, so furious as they are among
themselves, bow at our Feet; we have
something in our Eyes which softens them;
our Loveliness engages them to imitate all
our Actions, and thus they become as the
Figure you see in the Glass.

LUCINDA.

But this is my own Figure.

FAIRY.

And yet it is not you. So Men, without being us, become our other selves; they are transform'd into our Sentiments, and take to themselves our Passions.

LUCINDA,

My good Guardian, endeavour to make
me see him who came to kiss my Hand
whilst I slept.

FAIRY.

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FAIRY.

If you have not frightened him too much, he may be yet in the Palace : I'll go look for him before he's gone too far.

LUCINDA.

Go quickly. I shall wait your Return with Impatience.



D 2

CENE



S C E N E III.

LUCINDA *alone.*

S H E laughs —— at my Impatience, without doubt. Really my Curiosity disturbs me. Many Chimeras and Illusions pass thro' my Mind, which my Heart seems to approve of. A Man—— well, a Man! —— oh! I will —— I will play a Tune on my Hautboy.

[*She goes to her Musick, but soon returns.*]

Sure, I am a thoughtless Creature: I ought to have accompanied my Sovereign; she should have minded on her side, and I on mine; and then if he had appear'd,

we

The O R A C L E. 21

we should have been still, have approach'd him gently, and so have taken him.

[She returns to her Hautboy, but soon comes back again.]

What cruel Suspensions disturb me? Why did she not propose my going with her? For so we might have assisted each other; she should have thought of it ——— when she said, that *Men had so many Faults that she loathed them*, I perceiv'd her Smile; she did not speak what she thought. ——— Has she not a mind to keep him to herself, and hide him from me, and all others? ——— Oh! I'll not be so cheated; but I'll go and meet her before she has time to do it. ———

[As she goes out, she sees the Fairy coming in.]

SCENE

22. *The* O R A C L E.



S C E N E IV.

FAIRY, ALCINDOR, LUCINDA.

LUCINDA, *to the* Fairy.

A H! are you there? Well, have you taken him?

FAIRY.

Yes; and I have not had much trouble to bring him.

LUCINDA.

Where is he?

FAIRY.

He follows me.

[LUCINDA.

Oh! I'm afraid you'll let him get away.

[*She runs to the Bottom of the Theatre,
and sees Alcindor.*]

Ah!

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Ah! — my good! — but — how!
— indeed — yes —

FAIRY, *repeating her Words.*

Ah! — my good! — but —
how? — indeed — yes —
what would you say?

LUCINDA.

The Prospect you have set before me,
quite confounds me.

FAIRY.

What! have I set before you such a
Prospect? You should not have seen it;
Turn your Eyes away from it.

LUCINDA.

He is as big as I! How he looks on me!
His Eyes are charming and graceful! Oh!
I'm persuaded, that he's none of those fu-
rious Beings, which beat and destroy each
other. I'll keep him for myself.

FAIRY.

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FAIRY.

I give you him with all my heart.

LUCINDA.

We must give him some Name. What shall we call him?

FAIRY.

What you will?

LUCINDA.

Charmer.

FAIRY.

Charmer ; let it be so. But let us leave Mr. *Charmer* by himself a few Moments ; and let us consider a Phænomenon which I observ'd at Sun-sitting.

LUCINDA.

My Good ! ——— I have seen the Sun so much ———

FAIRY.

But you have not seen this Phænomenon, and we will reason upon it together——

LUCINDA.

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LUCINDA.

Indeed, Madam, I shall reason very poorly.

FAIRY.

Indeed, Miss! then stay with your *Charmer*. I'll not force you to go; but 'tis to be hoped, this Fancy will pass away as well as some others have done.



E S C E N E



S C E N E II.

LUCINDA, ALCINDOR.

LUCINDA *observing the Fairy to go out.*

SHE's going! So much the better.
 Her Presence only perplex'd me.
 She is bent upon Reasoning to-day, which
 I'm quite tir'd of.

[*Looking on Alcindor.*]

These fine Hairs! How he carries his
 Head! His Person is compleat: I think,
 in my Heart, that I have at last found
 the Object I sought, and that my confus'd
 Ideas represented long ago.

[*Repeating after the Fairy.*]

This Fancy will pass away, as well as
 some others have!

[*Going*]

[*Going to Alcindor.*]

No, *Charmer*, I shall always love you, Fancy! What an Expression is that? As if there were nothing but Birds about me. But what a Difference there is! And I know it very well.

[*She takes a Stool and sits down.*]

Come, *Charmer*—— He comes and places himself at my Knees! Oh! this is delightful!

[*Whilst Alcindor sits before her, she looks on him, and ties one End of a long Ribbon round his Neck, and twists the other End round her own Arm.*]

I hear a Noise; can the *Fairy* be coming so soon?

[*She gets up, and runs to the Place where she heard the Noise, still holding Alcindor.*]

She's not coming; I was mistaken; she's

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engag'd in confidering her new Phænomenon. May ſhe ſtay there till I fetch her!

She fetches another Stool, and placing it juſt by her own, makes Signs to Alcindor to fit down on it.]

Charmer, place yourſelf there — how — He's not willing to fit down there! He places himſelf again at my Knees! —

Charmer, yes, you are charming — you charm me — you bewitch me — Alas! the Pleaſure I have in ſeeing him, deprives me of my Reaſon; I ſpeak to him, as if he could underſtand what I ſay and answer me. — I pleaſe myſelf with a Deluſion — I ſcarce know where I am — I ſigh — a Trouble, an agreeable Diſorder impairs my Senſes, and fills my Heart with a ſecret Joy — a Transport — a Sweetneſs, which 'till now I have been a Stranger to. — Give me your Hand, *Char-*

mer.

The O R A C L E. 29

mer. ——— Indeed his Pulse beats like mine. [*She rises.*]

ALCINDOR *rises also, and going to another Part of the Theatre, says, [Aside.]*

I can't contain myself in this manner any longer. This Situation is too critical for a Lover.



SCENE



S C E N E VI.

FAIRY, ALCINDOR, LUCINDA.

FAIRY [*Aside.*] *as she enters.*

I A M afraid that my giddy-headed Spark
has forgot, that he ought to behave
himself as *dumb, deaf, and senseless.*

LUCINDA *running to the Fairy.*

Kind Sovereign, grant me one Favour.

FAIRY.

What Favour do you ask?

LUCINDA.

'Tis this, my kind Benefactress; that
you would animate my *Charmer*; enable
him to think and speak to me, to under-
stand and answer me.

FAIRY.

You ask an Impossibility.

Lu-

The O R A C L E. 31

LUCINDA.

An Impossibility ! Madam.

FAIRY.

Yes, an Impossibility, *Lucinda*.

LUCINDA.

You make me despair.

FAIRY.

Must I again repeat to you, that these Beings which amuse you, can by the Connexion of their Springs imitate our Actions ; but that these Springs, in whatever manner dispos'd, can never produce one Thought.

LUCINDA *in a pettish Tone*.

I understand you, Madam, I understand you. I very readily apprehend your Meaning.

FAIRY.

And pray, what is it ?

LUCINDA.

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LUCINDA *with a deal of Earnestness.*

'Tis, Madam ; that, as you are very knowing, you would willingly have me be a Philosopher, as you are, that you might have always have some body to reason with ; so you don't judge it for your purpose to animate my *Charmer* ; because you know, that if we could discourse together, all our Time would be taken up with the Pleasure of seeing and loving each other ; and that we should give ourselves but little trouble, in order to render ourselves worthy of your sublime Discourses. Well, Madam, I have just Cause to be angry.. I own I'm ignorant, and I'll always be so. I hate Knowledge ; and am going this Instant to break in pieces all those Instruments of Philosophy, which now appear to me most ridiculous Furniture, unbecoming my Apartment.

SCENE



SCENE VII.

FAIRY, ALCINDOR.

ALCINDOR, *observing* Lucinda go out.

A DIEU Globes, Spheres, and Maps.
Is not this Behaviour charming?

FAIRY.

'Tis pleasing, at least; she's as deep in
Love as you, Child.

ALCINDOR.

I shall love her the more for it. A tender
Sentiment lively express'd, delights the
Heart: But, I assure you, Madam, that
you came just in right time; I was no
longer Master of myself; I was going to
speak—

F

FAIRY.

FAIRY.

But, the Oracle !

ALCINDOR.

The Oracle ! I was so confus'd that I regarded nothing but *Lucinda*. She look'd on me so prettily, and with so much Admiration, that I was forc'd to cast down my Eyes ; I bit my Lips ; all my Person troubled me. Ah ! Madam, Mouth and Eyes are troublesome, when we may not make use of them in the Presence of them we love.

FAIRY.

I would fain have you wait a little longer. Perhaps the Sentiments you remark in *Lucinda*, are not those of Love ; but the mere Instigations of a Caprice and Curiosity for a new Object. 'Twill be then prudent to try her seven or eight Days longer.——

ALCINDOR.

ALCINDOR.

Seven or eight Days!

FAIRY.

Yes, my Son.

ALCINDOR.

Seven or eight Days! But, but — but — Madam, do you think of my Condition, when you say so? Do you think, that *Lucinda* would always have me with her in her Apartment, in the Walk, or at the Bottom of the Grove; and, like a Sheep, cherish'd by an innocent Shepherdess, I should be caress'd by her every moment of the Day? And would you—

FAIRY.

I would have you act wisely.

ALCINDOR.

Rather bid me suffer a Torment entirely new; and which is indeed beyond my Power to do.

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FAIRY.

Alas ! How do young Maidens do, who for many Months oppose their own Inclinations, hide their Love, and seem not only senseless, but even cruel to a Lover they like ?

ALCINDOR.

But I'm neither a young Maid, nor a Statue ; and I'll go and tell *Lucinda* so.

FAIRY.

Let me prevail on you, my Son, to wait a few Moments longer. Let me examine her, whether she be sincere ; risque not the discovering it at an improper Season, seeing the Happiness of your Life depends upon it.

SCENE



S C E N E VIII.

LUCINDA, FAIRY, ALCINDOR.

LUCINDA.

I JUST now have broke the Zodiack
and the Poles, and have thrown the
Globe of the whole World out of the Win-
dow.

FAIRY.

I see you are still angry !

LUCINDA.

And you very cruel ! You have some-
times told me you love me, and yet you
refuse to grant me the only thing which
can make me joyful, and give me the most
sensible Satisfaction.

FAIRY.

To convince you, that I always endea-
your

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vour to please you ; I willingly tell you, that your *Charmer* having been among that Sort of Men they call *Petits-Maitres*, 'tis impossible to make him think or inspire him with Reason ; but, otherwise, he'll go, come, laugh, weep, lay himself at your Feet, appear tender, submissive, complaisant, amorous and restless ; and all this he'll do, as he is a Machine, like the rest of his Species.

LUCINDA.

As a Machine !

FAIRY.

He'll do more : He'll whistle, quaver, and sing certain Airs and Words —

LUCINDA *with Extasy*.

Ah ! then pray make him sing.

FAIRY.

With all my heart : But I would first inform you, that these Parrots speak nothing

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thing but Jargon; they pronounce a number of Words and common Places at hazard, and repeat them indifferently to almost all Women, as they learnt them.

LUCINDA.

You have told me so before. You will tire my Patience. Make him sing then.

FAIRY to ALCINDOR. [*Afide.*]

You'll hear what you must sing. [*Loud*]
I must go before him one Moment, and excite him, as an Eccho.

She sings.

All I respire——

ALCINDOR *appears frighted, and moves
as a Man when he wakes.*

He sings.

All I respire ——

LUCINDA.

Ah! My good Guardian!

ALCINDOR.

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ALCINDOR.

Owens the Empire
Of charming Love.

LUCINDA.

The Sound of his Voice affects my very
Heart.

ALCINDOR *sings.*

What the Oracle said,
As hateful and bad,
From my Heart I remove.

LUCINDA,

What Oracle? What would he say?

FAIRY.

Have you already forgot, that the Bird
Petit-Maitre repeats at a venture, with-
out Thought or Reason, what it has heard
others sing.

LUCINDA *in a Pett.*

Yes, Madam, I had almost forgot. But
you

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you should have been angry with me for not remembering it. Very well!

FAIRY.

Very well, indeed!

LUCINDA.

Why does he not sing more?

FAIRY.

Because no one has taught him more, as is very evident. I think you ought to be content with what you have had; and I'm sure your Parrot never said so much to you.

LUCINDA.

My Parrot! What always my Parrot! You only make these Comparisons to ridicule my Inclinations.

FAIRY.

For your part, Miss, you do nothing but grumble; you have been very pert to-day.

G

LUCINDA.

LUCINDA.

Who would not be so? For but look on him; observe him well. Is it not a cruel thing, that he is not capable of knowing how well I love him.

ALCINDOR [*Aside.*] *to the Fairy, who stops his Mouth, makes Signs to him, and holds him during this Scene.*

The Oracle is accomplish'd. I'll speak.

LUCINDA.

Shall his Insensibility always afflict me?

FAIRY.

Believe me, 'tis true; I put him out of your Sight, and remember him no more.

LUCINDA.

Put him away! What drive away my Charmer? Deprive myself of seeing him? O Heavens!

FAIRY.

Well then, let him stay; delight yourself

The O R A C L E. 43

self in teaching him Verses and Songs, which you may make him repeat as long as he lives.

LUCINDA.

You are right; and I'll immediately give him the first Lesson. Let us see, *Charmer*, whether you can pronounce my Name well. *Lucinda*.

ALCINDOR.

Lucinda.

LUCINDA.

My dear *Lucinda*.

ALCINDOR.

My dear *Lucinda*.

LUCINDA.

I love you.

ALCINDOR *freeing himself from the Fairy, who still strives to hold him, and prostrating himself at Lucinda's Feet.*

Yes, I love you; I adore you. There

44 *The* O R A C L E.

are no Terms significant enough to express my Love. *Lucinda!* — My charming *Lucinda!* — O that I had Words! I can't but repeat a thousand times that I love you.

LUCINDA.

Ah! my kind Guardian, he speaks of himself! These are not Songs.

FAIRY.

You see how far he hath improv'd your first Lesson.

ALCINDOR.

Don't endeavour, Madam, thus to deceive her any longer. The Oracle is accomplish'd; and I'll make her sensible of all the Gratitude and Love my Heart is affected with.

LUCINDA.

Then you have a grateful and tender
Heart.

The O R A C L E. 45

Heart. Why have you endeavour'd to hide it from me?

ALCINDOR.

I was forc'd, by an unlucky Oracle, to appear senseless. Will you reproach me for the Deceit, when the Interest of my Love necessitated me to it?

LUCINDA.

How can I reproach you, for what has only serv'd to make my Value for you appear the greater?

ALCINDOR.

My dear Mistress!

LUCINDA.

Rise.

FAIRY.

Let us go, my Children: The Oracle is now accomplish'd; may a happy Marriage join you! I'll convey you into the Midst of a People, whose Politeness, Taste,
and

46 *The* O R A C L E.

and Glory are the Emulation of the whole World. And now, *Alcindor*, as you have been a Lover *deaf, dumb, and senseless*, be a *careful, compassionate and complaisant* Husband: Let your Conduct be an Example for others to follow.





EPILOGUE,

To be spoken by ALCINDOR,
LUCINDA and the FAIRY being gone
out different Ways.

CUSTOM forbids it, or I'd now retire;
For I'm not influenc'd by APOLLO's Fire.
LUCINDA charms; 'tis she that gave me Life:
Could you, Sirs, stay, and leave so fine a Wife?
I can't think so: To express my Gratitude
I ought to go; but then, perhaps, I'm rude.
But stay; for what? 'Tis poor and empty Stuff
You'll say; and we've already had enough.
Yet, by Experience, Fools are oft made wise;
And so I'll give you Batchelors Advice.

If you'd gain Victory o'er a Virgin's Heart,
Keep the ne'er-failing Rules that I impart.
Whilst 'tis your Interest, void of Sense appear,
Nor know to speak, or seem to lend an Ear:

Until

EPILOGUE.

*Until her Looks declare sincerest Love,
Then don't refuse, but instantly approve.*

*Love offers charming Objects to decoy
Th'unwary Youth; but Venus and her Boy
You'll eas'ly shun, if but Discretion guide,
And Reason o'er each Word and Deed preside.*

*Pray, Sirs, excuse me; for I can't go on;
Consider, that LUCINDA is alone.
I'll only ask, that, as you like the Play,
You'd please to visit us another Day.*

F I N I S.



